WITHOUT DUE AUTHORITY.

From Belgravia.

He stood at the street corner, looking drearily into the growing fog.

A minute or two before he had been standing behind the railings in the park, absorbed in an effort, altogether unavailing, to save the souls of his fellow-citizens in this metropolis of evil. A few yards away a revolutionary bricklayer—out of work, and with the strongest private objection to being in it—had hurled denunciations at the iniquitous British constitution to the delight of himself and the amusement of his audience and of a couple of placidly smiling policemen who stood near in that impersonal yet protective attitude characteristic of the force. A little further on, a "lightning artist" of tender years furnished a quiet antidote to gesticulatory anarchy by the reproduction on paper of the "Duke of York's baby," to a chorus of loyal applause. On the preacher's other hand, a martyr, whose motives his country had ignorantly misunderstood, perhaps not without just occasion, had related with some feeling, much abuse of authorities, and more of that luckless eighth letter of the alphabet which is the chosen victim of eloquence in fustian, the melancholy details of an enforced retreat from public life, which, to judge by appearances, he had very richly deserved. When the preacher's audience tired of his discourse, they had only to turn their heads to imbibe incipient anarchy and dejected patriotism, or cultivate a healthy admiration for juvenile talent and the reigning house—a combination of conflicting sentiments peculiar to Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.

The other orators, however, had found compensation for their wrongs in the delight of airing them at large. They retired from the field of battle hoarse, but triumphant. The preacher's triumph was a question which he could only regard as much more dubious. In moments of despair which sometimes fell to his lot, he knew that his congregations merely regarded him as an interlude between the denunciations of the political bricklayer and the dismal rhetoric of the ex-thief. But, to do him justice, these moments were few and far between. He had fought a hard battle from a very early age, and defeat had ceased to depress him save at odd times when he was, perhaps, a little colder, hungrier or sadder than it was his usual fate to be.

As he stood at the corner a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself face to face with Dr. Jeff. They had met before, in slums and byways, and each man knew enough of the other's life to respect it. I cannot assert that Jeff is the little doctor's real name, and perhaps he has a history, or a mystery, or both—a skeleton which he hides in the cupboard at his shabby lodgings, with the stale bread and highly unprofessional cheese which that receptacle contains—but I am sure that there is no kinder soul in all London, despite his snarls, his sarcasms and the inexpressibly unorthodox opinions which he scatters broadcast in his way. All men have their hypocrisies, and he has his. It is his delight to shock people, to pose as something very little better than the archfiend himself. I have seen him succeed admirably in his deception—with strangers. Those who know the good little man know also that he would not willingly bruise a butterfly's wing, nor offend the dirtiest and most melodious tabby that serenades his hard-earned slumbers. Even now, as the preacher turned his white face and tired eyes upon him and forced a smile, there was a charitable scheme brewing in Jeff's mind.

"Finished spouting?" he asked, gruffly. "Walk my way, will you? Abominable weather!"

He spoke with a savage air, as though the weather and he were on terms of violent hostility. Jeff's manner generally suggested the feud-brief and stiletto and other paraphernalia of mediæval murder.

They walked for some time in silence, during which the doctor eyed his companion with a bloodthirsty expression of countenance.

"Better give it up," he said at last. "Wearing yourself out for nothing. All bosh!"

"Is it?" asked the preacher, half sadly. "Sometimes I—I almost wish my profession allowed me to think so, too, doctor. But it doesn't."

"Hang your profession!" jerked out Jeff. "You're not a parson?"

"No."

"Ever been one?"

"No."

"Then, why in the name of common-sense don't you go and earn some money? My good fellow, you're"——

He stopped awkwardly, with a queer glance at the preacher's thin face and shabby clothes.

"What's the good of preaching?" he went on, changing his sentence. "The world went very well for a great many centuries before you were born; it'll go very well for many more after you're buried. Let it go!"

The preacher's deep eyes flashed.

"I'll never do that," he said, quietly.

They had walked a considerable way, and Jeff looked up with a well-assumed start of surprise.

"Hanged if this isn't my place! Never meant to bring you all this way. Come in and rest."

The preacher hesitated; but he did not wish to give offence, and finally they tramped up the narrow stairs to Jeff's sanctum—a little sitting-room with hideous cheap furniture, a flaring paper, and a table littered with books. It was all very cheerless, very dingy, but Jeff waved his guest to a chair with a certain dignity foreign to his usual manner—a survival, perhaps, of other ways of life, and of other visitants than street preachers. After all, it is the man who makes his surroundings. A parvenu can be vulgar in a palace; our little doctor, despite his bluster, might have been a prince in disguise.

So the preacher thought as he sat down in the armchair—black, horsehair covered, and deficient in the matter of springs—and glanced round the room at the well-worn books, at the oil-stove, which smelt abominably, at the cupboard where the skeleton clattered its empty jaws among dry crusts and ancient cheese.

"Not much of a place, is it?" said Jeff. "We've known better, both of us. But it does—anything does. Excuse me, but I want my supper. Do you mind my getting it? Coin don't run to many courses. But perhaps you'll help me? Hate solitary meals—always did; bad for the digestion. Pah! how that infernal thing does smell, to be sure!"

Of course the preacher saw through the device, and its clumsy, kindly delicacy touched him as few things had done of late. He murmured some commonplace reply, and proceeded to take a tender interest in the retrimming of the stove. I fancy there were tears in his tired eyes as he fumbled with the matches, and that he blessed Jeff's grumpy hospitality with a fervor which would have agreeably astonished the doctor, who had received so little gratitude in his time that he had outgrown the usual habit of expecting it.

He did not look at his guest as he hunted in the cupboard and brought out such modest provision as it contained; and presently the preacher rose and began to set the table ready in silence. As he lifted one of the books, something on its faded cover caught his eye. On the brown leather was stamped a coat-of-arms, almost indistinguishable by reason of its antiquity. Jeff saw the glance directed toward him, took the book from his companion's hand and flung it roughly into a corner.

"Somebody's aristocratic vulgarity," he said shortly. "What do they want to scatter their stupid quarterings about for? I picked it up second-hand."

The preacher went on silently with his task. He was quite aware that the book had not been picked up second-hand, but he did not even look as if he doubted Jeff's statement. Only I think the skeleton sidled a little closer to the cupboard door. It is a thing which all skeletons will do at times.

The two men sat down at the table and began their supper. They did not talk much at first; but presently Jeff pushed back his chair and glanced across at the preacher.

"I told you a lie just now," he said.

The preacher looked up, and the two men's eyes met.

"I know you did," he answered, simply.

"I thought you didn't know. Rather pride myself on telling a lie neatly. Learned it at school—about the only thing I did learn there. Ah, now I've shocked you."

"No," answered the other, sadly. "I—I am not easily shocked."

"New sort of saint, eh? Well, we've had about enough of the old."

There was silence for a moment, and then Jeff said:

"How did you know?"

"By the way you flung the book."

"Ah! I saw you looking at the old shield, and it hurt. Odd how small things do hurt sometimes. Perhaps you know that, too?"

"I know it very well," murmured the preacher, with his eyes cast down.

"Thought you did," said Jeff, with a little smile which had a touch of irony in it.

The little doctor could never be quite serious—his retrospective melancholy had a dash of amusement in it. He had grown used to the idea of himself and the rest of humanity squirming beneath the dissecting knife of malignant destiny.

"Been preaching long about here?" he went on.

The preacher looked up, half-nervously.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Not staying long, are you?"

"No," said the preacher, with a quiet sound in his voice. "No, I think I shall not stay very long."

Jeff sprang to his feet, and then sat down again. He looked hard at the man's white face, and it looked back at him. There was no fear in it, and the sad eyes met his steadily.

"You—you must go away," said Jeff.

The preacher smiled a little.

"Yes—where—to the south of France? My dear doctor, that's not for me—at least not now. Once"—he stopped, and his eyes grew dreamy. "Not now," he said again.

Jeff did not speak at once.

"You must leave London, then."

"It is hardly worth while."

"You're a fool, and an enthusiast," said Jeff, roughly, yet with a sharp catch in his voice, "but you're good stuff. I've seen you when—man, you're killing yourself!"

The preacher never winced. The smile still lingered on his lips, though they were set tight.

"I can't run away, doctor," he replied. "I never did that, and I can't do it now."

"You weren't meant for this work—do you think I have no eyes? Write to your people and tell them"——

"I have no people," answered the preacher, and his face was very stern.

Jeff tilted his chair, waiting. It came at last. The preacher caught his eye, and hesitated for a moment.

"I told you a lie, then," he said.

"Go on."

"They threw me over. My father is a clergyman. I was to have gone into the Church. I wanted to—you don't know how much! But I could not accept everything they told me. I suppose I was unorthodox"——

He stopped. Jeff nodded mute encouragement.

"They rejected me," said the preacher, slowly.

"Because you were honest. Yes. And this was"——

"The only other way."

"You are a priest, all the same," said Jeff, through his teeth.

The preacher stood up.

"Without due authority," he answered, as he held out his hand.

"Authority," said the little doctor, waspishly, "is not always given to the right man—nor by the right man."

But the preacher went away silently. He was not one of those who speak evil of authorities.

. . . . . .

It was a month or two later, and London was in the grip of black, bitter frost. In a doorway in one of the slums, behind the Salamander Music Hall, Jeff, haggard and anxious, stood looking at the preacher with something like despair in his face.

"I'm stone broke," he said, "and the girl must have nourishment or she'll die. There's no time to apply to any one. Good God! what are we to do?"

He stamped desperately on the floor, and then remembered his patient and stopped. The preacher did not stamp.

"I'll get you some money," he said. "I think I can. Yes"—he shivered a little in the cold draught—"I'm sure I can."

"In an hour?"

"Within an hour. I'll go now."

"You're a brick," said Jeff, as he turned on his heel. Then the professional element in him asserted itself. "Have something to eat before you come out into this cold again, mind," he commanded.

The preacher nodded, and went away with a dreary smile on his face. Perhaps there was a hidden irony in the situation which he alone could perceive, for he smiled more than once as he hurried through the darkening streets to the house where he had harborage. Once, as he passed a lighted church where the choir was practising for the morrow and his eyes fell on the notice-board the smile very nearly became a laugh. Yet there was nothing laughable in sight. The notice-board merely bore the sufficiently sober information that the Rev. John Allingham Taylor would preach next day in that church.

The preacher hurried on, and climbed to his rooms with a white face and fluttering breath. Arrived there, he sat down on a broken chair and panted. The room was almost as bare as those cells wherein the hermits dwelt of old. All the little personal possessions which had adorned it once had vanished in that dreadful winter. All the little money which had been paid to the preacher by the family which had discarded him was gone. The only two things which remained were a large and handsomely bound Bible, lying on the foot of the bed, and a little ivory crucifix hanging against the bare wall. The preacher's eye fell on these and he sighed. Then he got up resolutely, took down the crucifix, and opened the Bible. On the fly-leaf was an inscription. He tore the page carefully out and slipped it into the breast pocket of his thin coat. Then he took up the Bible and crucifix and went out.

Not an hour later Jeff, in a wretched attic, bent over a shrunken figure and forced brandy between its lips. At the further end of the room two children—small, starved, wolfish-eyed—sat over the remnants of a meal like wild beasts over a bone. Presently the little doctor gave a muttered exclamation of relief. The children glanced up, and then returned ravenously to their food. Their mother's eyes opened for a moment upon Jeff's face, and she whispered a word of thanks. And well she might, for he had dragged her out of the jaws of death!

Meanwhile the preacher plodded wearily back again to the shelter of the four bare walls he called home. He did not hurry this time. Very slowly he climbed the creaking stairs, and almost staggered into the room. It was growing dark, and the cold was intense. The preacher sat down, and his eyes involuntarily sought the nail where the little crucifix had hung. Involuntarily, too, his hand drew out the page which he had torn from the Bible. He bent over it and read the inscription—was it the twilight which made the letters dance and sway? . . . It was very cold, and the darkness seemed to come closer every moment. Perhaps it was only his weakness that made it seem so dark and freezing. He thought of Jeff and his work with a curious gladness that shut out the falling night. Then a great weariness seized him, and he rose and tried to cross the room. The darkness was whirling round him now, and he fell on his knees beside the bed.

. . . . . .

Jeff, coming in late that night to tell him of his success, found him there kneeling beneath the nail where the crucifix had hung. He did not answer when the little doctor called to him, and a lighted match revealed the fact that he had slipped from a world which had rejected him as a man of no account. The bare room told a silent story that brought tears into Jeff's eyes.

And in the dead preacher's hand was a piece of crumpled paper, upon which was written "John Allingham Taylor," and a date—that was all.

. . . . . .

In a certain church on the following morning the Rev. John Allingham Taylor preached, to the great edification of his audience and himself. It was a charity sermon, and it is popularly supposed to have been the finest thing which that congregation had sat out for some time.

But Jeff, who occasionally attended that assembly, rose in the middle of the discourse and went out with a heart full of bitterness. Those studied periods did not edify him. He remembered a finer sermon—and its text was a man's life. It was that of the priest who had preached without due authority.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
(Composer of the Jubilee Hymn.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's face is familiar to the American public chiefly from pictures representing him as rather a young man, with very dark hair and mustache, as he appeared about twenty or more years ago, at the beginning of his long series of popular successes with operetta. But Sir Arthur Sullivan to-day, as he is shown by the likeness printed in The Tribune, is an elderly, gray-haired man, looking rather more like a prosperous banker in the city than one of the most fertile and ingenious musicians that England possesses. The Queen's Jubilee brought Sir Arthur Sullivan again prominently before the public by his Jubilee hymn, which was reprinted in The Tribune a week ago, and also by his ballet, "Victoria and Merrie England," which was recently produced in London, representing the picturesque features in a thousand years of English history. Sir Arthur is now about fifty-five years old and wears his years and his honors easily.

HE LOOKED TOO PROSPEROUS.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Two men were standing in Sixth and Pine sts. yesterday afternoon in the cool shadow of a building. The elder was mopping his brow and watching the people who passed. Suddenly he touched his companion on the arm.

"See that girl in the sailor hat—the pretty one over there? She's going into that pawnshop."

"How do I know? I don't know exactly; it's a kind of instinct."

The girl looked cautiously about, gazed at the array in the window of the shop and walked on.

"She'll be back in a minute," said the man who had spoken before. "She will look around again, and, when she thinks no one sees her, slip in. There, she's coming back!"

The girl had turned on the corner and was retracing her steps. Sure enough, she paused before the open door, looked up and down the street and went in. Five minutes later she came out and walked rapidly away.

"I don't know how I can tell them, but I can invariably pick them out. Never been known to fail. Say, d'you see that fellow coming up the street—he in the light suit? He just came from the poolrooms, probably, is broke and is going in to 'hock' his watch. Yes, he's coming up this way. There, what did I tell you? I knew he'd go in."

His friend nodded. "That is pretty good, but I'll make a bet I can do the same thing. Bet you a fiver."

"Done."

"Well, that elderly gentleman who just got off the car will go in there. The one with the diamonds, I mean."

"Never! I'd like to double that bet."

"I take you. See, he's going right up to the door. There, he's going in. Ha! ha! what did I tell you? Ten dollars, please," and the younger man held out his hand. The first observer drew out a roll and gave him two $5 bills.

"You are right," he remarked. "Have a drink? Yes, don't mind if I do. But do you mind telling me how you knew he'd go in there?"

"Not at all. You see, he owns the place."

A UNITED FAMILY.

Lord Monkswell in The North American Review.

The value attached by the poor, and even by those who are not in the depths of poverty, to decent surroundings in family life, is a very variable quantity. Decent lodging is not by any means universally regarded as one of the prime necessaries of life. Occasionally it is relegated to quite a back seat.

An instance was given before the Commission of a family of seven persons—father, mother, two grown-up sons, and three grown-up daughters—all living in one room. With them this arrangement was a matter of choice, not necessity, for they earned between them about £7 a week—more than £350 a year—and even from a slum landlord they could no doubt have afforded to rent another room or two. Having screwed down the item of rent to an irreducible minimum, they determined to have a thoroughly good time, and this is how the witness describes their proceedings: "In the evening they would all go out to the music halls, and to the theatres. On Saturday afternoon they would take five tickets each for some omnibus or conveyance that was going into the country, and on Sunday they would go to Brighton and to other places."